

Who robbed the grave of victory,  
And took the sting from death!

8. Go, sun, while mercy holds me up  
On nature's awful waste,  
To drink this last and bitter cup  
Of grief that man shall taste—  
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,  
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,  
On earth's sepulchral clod,  
The darkening universe defy  
To quench his immortality,  
Or shake his trust in God!

CAMPBELL

## SECTION IX.

## I.

## 38. THE DOWER.

*Characters: SIR GILES OVERREACH, a cruel extortioner, and LORD LOVELL.*

OVERREACH. To my wish: we are private.  
I come not to make offer with my daughter  
A certain portion, that were poor and trivial:  
In one word, I pronounce all that is mine,  
In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,  
With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall you have  
One motive to induce you to believe  
I live too long, since every year I'll add  
Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too.

*Lovell.* You are a right kind father.

*Over.* You shall have reason

To think me such. How do you like this seat?  
It is well woodèd, and well watered, the acres  
Fertile and rich; would it not serve for change,  
To entertain your friends in a summer progress?  
What thinks my noble lord?

*Lov.* 'Tis a wholesome air,

And well-built pile; and she that's mistress of it,  
Worthy the large revenue.

*Over.* She the mistress!  
It may be so for a time: but let my lord  
Say only that he likes it, and would have it,  
I say, ere long 'tis his.

*Lov.* Impossible.

*Over.* You do conclude too fast, not knowing me,  
Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone  
The Lady Allworth's lands, for those once Wellborn's,  
(As by her dōtage on him I know they will be.)  
Shall soon be mine; but point out any man's  
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient,  
And useful for your lordship, and once mōre  
I say aloud, they are yours.

*Lov.* I dare not own  
What's by unjust and cruel means extorted:  
My fame and credit are mōre dear to me,  
Than so to expose them to be censured by  
The public voice.

*Over.* You run, my lord, no hazard.  
Your reputation shall stand as fair,  
In all good men's opinions, as now;  
Nor can my actions, though condemned for ill,  
Cast any foul aspersion upon yours.  
For, though I do contemn repōrt myself,  
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender  
Of what concerns you, in all points of honor,  
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,  
Nor your unquestioned integrity,  
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot  
That may take from your innocence and candor.

All my ambition is to have my daughter  
Right honorable, which my lord can make her:  
And might I live to dance upon my knee  
A young Lord Lovell, born by her unto you,  
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.  
As for possessions, and annual rents,  
Equivalent to maintain you in the post



Your noble birth, and present state requires,  
I do remove that burden from your shoulders,  
And take it on mine own: for, though I ruin  
The country to supply your riotous waste,  
The scourge of prodigals, want, shall never find you.

*Lov.* Are you not frightened with the imprecations  
And curses of whole families, made wretched  
By your sinister<sup>1</sup> practices?

*Over.* Yēs, as rocks are,  
When foamy billows split themselves against  
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved,  
When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her brightness.  
I am of a solid temper, and, like these,  
Steer on, a constant course: with mine own sword,  
If called into the field, I can make that right,  
Which fearful enemies murmured at as wrong.

Now for these other trifling complaints  
Breathed out in bitterness; as when they call me  
Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder  
On my poor neighbor's right, or grand incloser  
Of what was common, to my private use;  
Nay, when my ears are pierced with widows' cries,  
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,  
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter  
Right honorable; and 'tis a powerful charm  
Makes me insensible of remorse, or pity,  
Or the least sting of conscience.

*Lov.* I admire  
The toughness of your nature.

*Over.* 'Tis for you,  
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble;  
Nay more, if you will have my character  
In little, I enjoy more true delight,  
In my arrival to my wealth these dark  
And crookèd ways, than you shall e'er take pleasure  
In spending what my industry hath compassed.  
My haste commands me hence; in one word, therefore,  
Is it a match?

<sup>1</sup> *Sin' is ter*, left-handed; evil.

*Lov.* I hope, that is past doubt now.

*Over.* Then rest secure; not the hate of all mankind here,  
Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter,  
Shall make me study aught but your advancement  
One story higher: an earl! if gold can do it.  
Dispute not my religion, nor my faith;  
Though I am borne thus headlong by my will,  
You may make choice of what belief you please—  
To me they are equal; so, my lord, good mōrrōw.

[*Exit.*]

*Lov.* He's gone—I wonder how the earth can bear  
Such a portent!<sup>1</sup> I, that have lived a soldier,  
And stood the enemy's violent charge undaunted,  
To hear this blās'phemoūs<sup>2</sup> beast am bathed all over  
In a cold sweat: yet, like a mountain, he  
(Confirmed in atheistical<sup>3</sup> assertions)  
Is no more shaken than Olympus<sup>4</sup> is  
When angry Bōreās<sup>5</sup> loads his double head  
With sudden drifts of snow.

MASSINGER.

PHILIP MASSINGER, one of the first rank of the old English dramatists, was born in Salisbury in 1584, and died in London, March 17, 1640. He was educated in his native city, and at St. Alban's Hall, Oxford. He repaired to London in 1606, where he at once employed himself at dramatic composition. But little is known of his life until the publication of his first drama, the "Virgin Martyr," in 1632. He wrote many pieces, of which 18 have been preserved. The "Virgin Martyr," the "Bondman," the "Fatal Dowry," "The City Madam," and "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," are his best known productions. The last alone, from which the above is adapted, retains a place on the stage, for which it is indebted to its effective delineation of the character of Sir Giles Overreach.

<sup>1</sup> *Por tēnt'*, that which stretches out before or foreshows; especially, that which foretokens evil; an omen of ill.

<sup>2</sup> *Blās' phe mous*, given to the use of wicked, lying, or reproachful words toward God.

<sup>3</sup> *A' the ist' ic al*, relating to, implying, or containing, the disbelief or denial of the existence of God.

<sup>4</sup> *O lym' pus*, a mountain range of Thessaly, on the border of Macedonia. Its summit, famed by Homer

and other poets as the throne of the gods, is estimated to be 9,745 feet high.

<sup>5</sup> *Bō' re as*, the north wind; in *mythology*, a son of Astræus and Eos, a brother of Hesperus, Boreas was worshiped as a god. He was represented with wings, which, as well as his hair and beard, were full of flakes of snow: instead of feet he had the tails of serpents, and with the train of his garment he stirred up clouds of dust.



## II.

## 39. THE THREE DOWERS.

*Characters : King LEAR ; Duke of CORNWALL and Duke of ALBANY, Sons-in-law to LEAR ; GONERIL, REGAN, and CORDELIA, Daughters of LEAR ; King of FRANCE, and Duke of BURGUNDY, Suitors to CORDELIA.*

LEAR. Give me the map, there.—Know that we have divided  
In three, our kingdom : and 'tis our fast intent  
To shake all cares and business from our age ;  
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we  
Unburdened crawl toward death.—Tell me, my daughters,  
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most ?  
That we our largest bounty may extend  
Where merit doth most challenge it.—Goneril,  
Our eldest-born, speak first.

*Gon.* Sir, I

Do love you more than words can wield the matter :  
Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty ;  
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare ;  
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honor :  
As much as child e'er loved, or father found :  
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable ;  
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

*Lear.* Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,  
With shadowy forests, and with champaigns riched  
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,  
We make thee lady. To thine and Albany's issue  
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter ;  
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall ? Speak.

*Reg.* I am made of that self-metal as my sister,  
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart  
I find she names my very deed of love ;  
Only she comes too short—that I profess  
Myself an enemy to all other joys  
Which the most precious square of sense possesses,  
And find, I am alone felicitate  
In your dear highness' love.

*Lear.* To thee and thine, hereditary ever,  
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom ;

No less in space, validity, and pleasure,  
Than that confirmed on Goneril.—Now, our joy,  
Although the last, not least ; to whose young love  
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,  
Strive to be interested ; what can you say, to draw  
A third more opulent than your sisters ? Speak.

*Cor.* Nothing, my lord.

*Lear.* Nothing ?

*Cor.* Nothing.

*Lear.* Nothing can come of nothing : speak again.

*Cor.* Unhappy that I am, I can not heave  
My heart into my mouth. I love your majesty  
According to my bond ; nor more, nor less.

*Lear.* How, how, Cordelia ! mend your speech a little,  
Lest it may mar your fortunes.

*Cor.* Good my lord,

You have begot me, bred me, loved me : I  
Return those duties back as are right fit ;  
Obey you, love you, and most honor you.  
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,  
They love you all ? Haply, when I shall wed,  
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry  
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.

*Lear.* But goes this with thy heart ?

*Cor.* Ay, good my lord.

*Lear.* So young, and so untender ?

*Cor.* So young, my lord, and true.

*Lear.* Let it be so. Thy truth then be thy dower :  
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun ;  
The mysteries of Hecate and the night ;  
By all the operations of the orbs,  
From whom we do exist, and cease to be ;  
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,  
Propinquity and property of blood,  
And as a stranger to my heart and me  
Hold thee, from this, forever.—Cornwall and Albany,  
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third :  
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.  
I do invest you jointly with my power,



Preëminence, and all the large effects  
That troop with majesty.—My Lord of Bûr'gundy,  
We first address tōward you, who with this king  
Hath rivaled for our daughter :—What, in the least,  
Will you require in present dower with her,  
Or cease your quest of love?

*Bur.* Mōst royal majesty,  
Give but that pōrtion which yourself proposed,  
And here I take Cordēliä by the hand,  
Duchess of Bur'gundy.

*Lear.* Nōthing : I have swōrn ; I am firm.

*Bur.* I am sōrry, then, you have so lōst a father,  
That you must lose a husband. [*To CORDELIA.*]

*Cor.* Peace be with Burgundy !  
Since that respects of fortune are his love,  
I shall not be his wife.

*Fra.* Fâirest Cordēliä, that art most rich, being poor ;  
Most choice, forsaken ; and most loved, despised !  
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon ;  
Be it lawful, I take up what's cāst āwāy.—  
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chānce,  
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair Frānce :—  
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind ;  
Thou locest *here*, a better *where* to find.

*Lear.* Thou hast her, France : let her be thine ; for we  
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see  
That face of hērs again :—Thērefore be gone,  
Without our grace, our love, our benison.

SHAKSPEARE.

## III.

## 40. ST. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY.

[*Characters* : ST. THOMAS À BECKET ; *Archbishop of SENS* ; JOHN of *Salisbury* ; HERBERT of *Bosham* ; IDONEA, a *nun* ; and *attendants*.]

BECKET.<sup>1</sup> [*Standing apart from the rest.*]  
The night comes swiftly like a hunted man  
Who cloaks his sin. The sea grows black beneath it ;

<sup>1</sup> St. Thomas à Becket, Arch- don in 1117; assassinated before  
bishop of Canterbury, born in Lon- the altar of St. Benedict in Canter-

There's not a crest that thunders on these sands  
But sounds some seaman's knell.  
The wan spume,<sup>1</sup> racing o'er the death-hued waters,  
This way and that way writhes a bickering lip.  
As many winds as waves o'er-rush the deep,  
Warring like fiends whose life is hate. Alās !  
For him, the ship-boy, on the drowning deck !  
Heart-sickness and the weariness of life  
He never felt : he knew nor sin nor sōrrōw.—  
Not thus I hoped to face my native land.  
What means this sinking strange ? Till now my worst  
Was when I saw my sister in her shroud.  
Death, when it comes, will not be stern as this :  
Death is the least of that which lies before me.  
This is mine hour of darkness, and ill powers  
Usurp upon my manlier faculties,  
Which in the void within me faint and fail,  
Like stōnes that loosen in some high-built arch  
Whereof the key-stone crumbles—  
I can not stamp my foot upon the earth.  
Where art Thou, Power Divīne, my hope till now ?  
To what obscure and unimagined bōurne  
Beyond the infinitudes of mēasureless distance  
Hast Thou withdrawn Thyself ? This, this remains ;  
Seeing no more God's glōry on my pāth,  
To tread it still as blindfold innocence  
Walks 'twixt the burning shares.

*John of Salisbury.* [*joining BECKET.*]  
Beware, my lord ! I know King Henry's eye :  
Go not to England. He would have you there  
Who drave you thence long since.

*Becket.* Our ends are dī'verse ;  
Not less my way may lie with his.

*John.* How far ?

*Becket.* It may be to my church of Canterbury ;

bury Cathedral, December 29, 1170. meet the martyrdom which he had  
This scene is laid on the coast of won by his zeal in behālf of the  
Boulōgne', just before Becket's re- liberties of the Chūrch.  
turn to England after his exile, to <sup>1</sup> Spūme, frōth ; foam.



It may be to the northern transept there ;  
It may be to that site I honored ever,  
The altar of St. Benedict ; thus far  
Our paths may blend—then part.

*John.* Go not to England !  
I mingled with the sailors of yon ship :  
Their captain signed to me : then, with both hands  
Laid on my shoulder, and wide, staring eyes,  
Thus whispered :—" Lost ! undone ! Seek ye your deaths ?  
All men may land in England—none return."

*Becket.* Behold, I give you warning in good time,  
Lest anger one day pass the bounds of truth :  
King Henry never schemed to shed my blood :  
Dungeons low-vaulted, and a life-long chain—  
That was the royal dream. Return, my friend ;  
You know your task. [*JOHN of Salisbury departs.*]  
Thank God, that cloud above my spirit clears !  
Danger, when near, hath still a trumpet's sound :  
It may be that I have not lived in vain ;  
Let me stand once within the young king's presence,  
And though the traitors should besiege him round,  
Close as the birds yon rock—

*Archbishop of Sens.* [*arriving.*] My lord, God save you !

*Becket.* One kind act more—you come to say farewell.  
My brother, and my lord, four years rush back  
And choke my heart ! We are both too old for weeping.  
I am a shade that fleets. May centuries bless  
That house so long my home !

*Archbishop.* The see of Sens (son)  
Has had you for her guest ;—our fair cathedral  
And yours are sisters :—be the omen blest !  
Perhaps in future ages men may say,  
" Thomas of Canterbury, Sens' poor William—  
These men, so far apart in gifts of grace,  
Were one in mutual love."

*Becket.* My lord, in heaven,  
Not earth alone, that love shall be remembered.  
Bear back my homage to your good French king,  
That great and joyous Christian gentleman,

Who keeps in age his youth. In strength he walks  
The royal road—faith, hope, and charity,  
To throne more royal and a lordlier kingdom.  
Pray him to live with Henry from this hour  
In peace.

*Archbishop.* The king will ask of your intents.

*Becket.* Tell him we play at heads. God rules o'er all.  
Farewell !

*Archbishop.* Good friend, and gracious lord, farewell !

[*Departs, with attendants.*]

*Herbert of Bosham.* As good to go to heaven by sea as land !  
Sail we, my lord, this evening ?

*Becket.* Herbert, Herbert !  
Before thou hast trod in England forty days,  
All that thou hast right gladly wouldst thou give  
To stand where now we stand. What sable shape  
Is that which sits on yonder rock alone,  
Nor heeds the wild sea-spray ?

*Herbert.* My lord, Idonea ;  
She, too, makes way to England, and desires  
Humbly your Grace's audience.

*Becket.* Lead her hither.

[*HERBERT departs.*]

Herbert and John—both gone—how few are like them !  
God made me rich in friends. In Herbert still,  
So holy and so infant-like his soul,  
I found a mountain-spring of Christian love  
Upbursting through the rock of fixed resolve—  
A spring of healing strength ; in John, a mind  
That, keener than diplomatists<sup>1</sup> of kings,  
Was crafty only 'gainst the wiles of craft,  
And, stored with this world's wisdom, scorned to use it  
Except for virtue's needs.

The end draws nigh. Nor John nor Herbert sees it.

[*His attendants approach with IDONEA.*]

Earth's tenderest spirit and bravest ! Welcome, child !  
Soft plant in bitter blast ! Adieu, my friends ;

<sup>1</sup> *Dī plō'ma tist*, one skilled in the art of conducting negotiations between nations, and particularly in securing treaties.



This maid hath tidings for my private ear.

[*Attendants depart.*]

My message reached you then, my child, at Rouen?  
But what is this? Is that the countenance turned  
So long to yon dark West?

*Idonea.* Love reigns o'er all!—  
My father, who but you should hear the tale?  
I had forsaken that fair Norman home,  
To seek my English convent, and those shores  
Denied me long. The first night of my journey  
There came to me a vision. All alone  
I roamed, methought, some forest lion-thronged,  
And dinned all night by breakers of a sea  
Booming far off. In fear I raised my head:—  
T'ward me there moved two Forms, female in garb,  
In stature and in aspect more than human:  
The loftier wore a veil.

*Becket.* You knew the other?

*Idonea.* The Empress! In that face, so sad of old,  
Was sadness more unlike that former sadness  
Than earthly joy could be. Within it lived  
A peace to earth unknown, and, with that peace,  
The hope serene of one whose heaven is sure.  
She placed within my hand a shining robe,  
And spake:—"For him whom most thou lov'st on earth."  
It was a shroud.

*Becket.* A shroud?

*Idonea.* And other none  
Than that which, 'mid the snows of Pontigny,  
Enswathed your sister, as in death she lay  
Amid the waxlight sheen. It bore that cross  
I traced in sanguine silk before the burial.  
This is, my lord, men say, your day of triumph,  
Christ's foes subjected and His rights restored;  
Perhaps for that cause she, an empress once,  
Knowing that triumph is our chief of dangers,  
Sent you that holy warning.

*Becket.* I accept it.  
Spake not that other?

*Idonea.* Suddenly a glory  
Forth burst, that lit huge trunk and gloomiest cave:  
That queenlier Presence had upraised her veil.

*Becket.* You knew her face?

*Idonea.* And learned what man shall be  
When risen to incorrupt. It was your sister!

*Becket.* Great God! I guessed it.

*Idonea.* In her hand she held  
A crown whose radiance quenched the heavenly signs:  
The star-crown of the elect who bore the Cross.  
With act benign within my hand she placed it,  
And spake:—"For him thou lov'st the most on earth."  
It was her being spake—her total being—  
Body and spirit, not her lips alone.  
I heard: I saw. That vision by degrees  
Ceased from before me;—long the light remained:  
A cloudless sun was rising, pale and dim,  
In that great glory lost.

*Becket.* My daughter, tell me—

*Idonea.* This storm is nothing; nor a world in storm!  
The rage of nations, and the wrath of kings!  
God sits above the roaring water-floods:  
He in our petty tumults hath His peace,  
And we our peace in His. Man's life is good;  
Death better far.

*Becket.* Was this a dream or vision?

*Idonea.* A vision, and from God.

*Becket.* Both dream and vision  
Have been His heralds oft—

*Idonea.* To make us strong  
In duteous tasks, not lull the soul, or soften.  
That vision past, tenfold in me there burned  
The craving once again to tread our England,  
Where fiercest is the battle of the faith.  
Thither this night I sail.

*Becket.* In three days I.  
Ere then a perilous task must be discharged:  
The Pope hath passed the sentence of suspension  
On two schismatic bishops—London and York.



See you these parchments with the leaded seals?  
They must be lodged within the offenders' hands—  
Chiefly the hands of York—and lodged moreover  
While witnesses are by. Llewellen failed:  
If this time he succeeds, and yet is captured,  
Send tidings in his place.

*Idonea.* Llewellen's known;  
Was late in England;—all your friends are known.\*  
Those prelates both are now, I think, in London:  
On Sunday morning this poor hand of mine  
Shall lodge that sentence, aye, and hold it fast,  
Within the hand of York.

*Becket.* The danger's great:  
The habit of a nun might lull suspicion:  
Not less, the deed accomplished—

*Idonea.* Can they find  
Dungeon so deep that God will not be there,  
And those twain memories which beside me move,  
My soul's defence, a mother's and a brother's?  
Or death? One fears to die, for life is sin:  
One fears not death. Your sister 'mid the snows  
Upon this bosom died: she feared not death;  
While breath remained she thanked her God, and praised Him.  
The Empress on this bosom died;—death near,  
She was most humbly sad, most sweetly fearful;  
But, closer as it drew, her hope rose high,  
And all was peace at last.

*Becket.* Then go, my child,  
You claim a great prize—meet it is you find it.  
May He who made, protect you. May His saints,  
Fair-flowering and full-fruited in His beam,  
Sustain you with their prayers; His angel host  
In puissance<sup>1</sup> waft you to your earthly bourne,  
In splendor to your heavenly. Earth, I think,  
Hath many a destined work for that small hand;  
Sigh not as yet for heaven.

*Idonea.* I will not, father:  
I wait His time.

<sup>1</sup> Pū'is sance, power; force; strength.

*Becket.* The wind has changed to south;  
The sea grows smoother, and a crimson light  
Shines on the sobbing sands. Beyond the cliff  
The sun sets red. This is the mandate, child;  
Farewell, and pray for me!

[*IDONEA* kneels, kisses his hand, and departs.

*Herbert.* [returning with the rest.] Bad rumors thicken—  
*Becket.* In three days hence I tread my native shores.

*Llewellen.* With what intent?

*Becket.* To stamp this foot of mine  
Upon the bosom of a waiting grave,  
And wake a slumbering realm.

*Llewellen.* May it please your Grace—

*Becket.* My friends, seven years of exile are enough:  
If into that fâir chûrch I served of old  
I may not entrance make, a living man,  
Let them who loved me o'er its threshold lift  
And lay my body dead.

DE VERE.

AUBREY DE VERE was born in Curragh-Chase, Co. Limerick, Ireland, in 1814. He is the son of another poet of no mean ability, Sir Aubrey De Vere, the author of a fine drama entitled "Mary Tudor." His son, a convert to the Catholic faith, has published "The Legends of St. Patrick," "The Infant Bridal, and Other Poems," "May Carols," a volume in honor of our Lady, "Poems, Miscellaneous and Sacred." As a lyric poet he ranks very high among his contemporaries, but he has produced nothing in other departments of art equal in excellence to the two dramas, "Alexander the Great," published in 1874, and "St. Thomas of Canterbury," in 1876, which are his latest works. No poet of our day surpasses Aubrey De Vere in beauty and vigor of style, and none approaches him in loftiness of theme and sustained elevation of thought.

### DEATH.

LEAVES have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,  
And stars to set — but all,  
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

We know when moons shall wane,  
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,  
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain—  
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

MRS. HEMANS.